

which the military authorities were all but baffled. But by the skill of an Englishman in the ordnance department and of an intelligent Parsee books were seized, rolls were inspected, and it was found that one Tannak, who had originally been intended for the army, had been in the habit of dressing himself up as a pensioner and drawing the allowances. This enterprising individual, from his photograph and from the letter press, must have had a lively sense of humor. He was sagacious enough not to personate more than two pensioners on the same day, one in the morning and one in the evening, except on special occasions, when he appeared five times.

His military salute was admirably given and he subsequently related, with just pride, how he had managed to draw the allowance of the subadar major and of Sirdar Ramnak Bahadur for four years. Of course this gifted actor had got his own "commission" every time. The sharpness of the English superintendent in detecting a series of interpolations in the native account-books would have done credit to the best officers in Scotland Yard.

#### An Involuntary Investment.

"Ever hear about my deal in turkeys?" said a man whose home is in a little village of northern Delaware. "I happened to be in a little mountain town of Virginia when an acquaintance asked me what I was buying. I said, just for a joke, that I'd buy a car load of turkeys, and thought no more about it until next day, when turkeys began coming into the railway station. There was nothing for me to do but to buy those turkeys, and when I left town I had twelve hundred and eighty of them. I brought them up here and when they were let out of the cars to be driven to the place where I decided to keep them it looked as if the little state wouldn't hold 'em. By actual count there was a turkey apiece for every man, woman and child in my village, but I sold 'em off in lots of twenty-five, fifty and a hundred to the farmers around, and the joke turned out pretty well, though I thought for awhile it was going to be an expensive bit of fun."

#### Strange Oversight.

A writer in the *Scottish Review*, speaking of the proverbial carefulness of Scotchmen about small matters, tells the following anecdote by way of illustration: The queen was on one of her periodical journeys through Scotland, and the royal train was timed to stop for luncheon at a certain through station. Mr. C., who lived not far away, and who had a famous hothouse, improved the opportunity to send her majesty a basket of his choicest grapes. In due course he received a letter of acknowledgment, expressing the royal appreciation of the gift, and complimenting the donor upon the fineness of his fruit. The gentleman was pleased, of course, and feeling sure that his head gardener would be greatly interested in the letter, he read it to him. The gardener listened gravely, but his only comment was: "She disna say ony thing about sending back the basket."

### BOW AND ARROW.

#### The Alleged Feats of the Ancient Archers—Mahmoud Effendi's Shot.

From their perishable nature the bow and arrow shaft have utterly disappeared, but the arrow-head has come down to us by thousands in the river drift and cave deposits which experts place at a hundred thousand years ago, says the *London News*. With this our very remote ancestors used to slay the mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, and the reindeer—animals whose like our sportsmen of to-day pursue with express rifles and explosive bullets. In due time the bow became a finished weapon, and savage men grew to use it with great skill, both in hunting and in war. The bowman's prowess, however, was not so great as it has been represented by writers of fiction, and there is little doubt that just as the runner or the boxer of to-day could beat the athlete of antiquity, so the bowman even of these days, when shooting is but a pastime, could easily beat the redskin or the African in feats of skill. It is at the target, however, that he would excel, not in the forest, for his woodcraft would not enable him to get the opportunity of drawing his bow.

Neither savage nor modern toxophilite, however, can hope to come up to the record of Mahmoud Effendi, secretary to the Turkish ambassador in England in 1795, who, with a Turkish bow, shot an arrow four hundred and eighty-two yards in the presence of three members of the Toxophilite society. Before such a range as this it is not so surprising to be told of an arrow that pierced two inches of brass, or of another that, being shot by a Welsh archer at an armed man on horseback, struck him on the thigh, pierced his armor, his leg, his leather saddle, and killed his horse.

The bow and arrow was at its height at the battle of Flodden in 1513, when the Scots yielded before the shower of shafts which the bowmen poured upon them, but already the knell of the fine old arms had sounded. In 1511 Lord Hubert, of Cherbury, in discussing a war with France, speaks of the change of weapons, and when once the "hand-guns" and "gunpowder" came into use the craft of bowyer and the valor of bowmen became obsolete.

### GUARD AND CONDUCTOR.

#### The Difference Between the Bosses of English and American Railroad Trains.

The guard is found on the station platforms, where he looks at your ticket, opens and closes the door of the compartment, will try to see you well placed according to your class, then hops into his van and goes with the train on your journey. He is by no means the important person that the conductor is in the United States, says Col. H. G. Prout in *Scribner's Magazine*, for he has no opportunity to sit with the passengers, to talk politics, or horses, or railroads. He never rises to the rank of captain, as all conductors do in our southern states. He may become a Knight Templar for all I know, but I never saw him with his waistcoat ablaze with the symbols of that order

which so often decorate our own conductors. Doubtless in private life he is a man of influence in his neighborhood, but on duty he is a quiet servant, and his relations with the public are purely those of business.

He is a tidy man in blue cloth uniform with white metal buttons, and often wears a broad patent-leather strap over one shoulder with white buckle and ornaments. He sometimes carries a small bag, presumably for such papers as he needs to have, and is provided with a green flag to wave to the engineman as a signal to start the train. Altogether he is a simple, efficient and civil official, and just here is a striking contrast between the men of the two countries. On the English railroads one never sees the conductor or ticket-seller who scorns you if you ask a question, and gives the minimum of information with the maximum of brusqueness; and one never sees the usher who stands in the gateway and bellows in inarticulate pride, then turns a quid in his cheek, and squirts tobacco juice into a corner.

### JAPANESE RAW-FISH EATERS.

#### Epicures in the Mikado's Kingdom Prefer Their Second Course at Dinner Alive.

A favorite dish among the epicures of Japan is composed of raw fish eaten alive. The dish is prepared as follows: Upon a bed of green alga, a very common sea weed in Japan, is laid the fish, which is then carefully carved into slices. This carving is a delicate operation, for the carver must not injure the heart, liver, stomach or gills of the fish. The vital parts being intact and the fish laid upon the cool damp seaweed, it will live until the termination of the meal. As the guests require them, slices are transferred from the body of the unfortunate fish, which thus can see portions of itself disappearing down the throats of the diners. A guest of a Japanese said he could not eat his slice of fish while the former owner of the morsel was regarding him with seemingly reproachful eyes, and commented upon the cruelty of the custom. His host replied that it was no worse than eating an oyster alive, and did not approach in barbarity the practice of broiling live lobsters. This dish is only met with in the houses of the rich. When the slices of fish are dipped in soy Europeans say that they are very palatable.

#### Story of a Scholar.

Theodor Mommsen, the famous historian of Rome, had not only the appearance but the manner of a scholar. Once during the half-hour's drive from Berlin to Charlottenburg the car in which the professor rode went badly off the track. The rest of the passengers alighted, the horses were removed, and the stranded car was left until help could be found. Mommsen remained, reading his book. An hour passed, and the sound of levels and jacks and the plunging of horses' hoofs aroused him from his reverie. With no sign of decomposure he rose from his seat and went to the door. "Ah," said he, "we seem to have come to a standstill."